

The Saturday Gazette.

BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.

WILLIAM P. LYON, Editor and Proprietor.
CHARLES M. DAVIS, Associate Editor.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, EDUCATION, GENERAL NEWS AND LOCAL INTERESTS. \$2.00 A YEAR—IN ADVANCE

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SATURDAY GAZETTE,
BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.
BELLVILLE, CALDWELL AND VAN NA.
AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY JOURNAL
OF LITERATURE, EDUCATION, POLI-
TICS, GENERAL NEWS, AND ES-
PECIALLY OF LOCAL IN-
TERESTS.

All Public and Local questions, including political and social, sanitary and reformatory, educational and industrial topics, will be clearly presented and fully and fairly discussed.

It is intended and expected to make it not only acceptable and interesting to the general reader, but of special value to citizens of Essex county and of real importance to every resident of Bloomfield, Montclair, Caldwell, Belleville and Verona.

Nothing will be admitted to its columns that is unworthy of cordial welcome to every family circle.

Settled Clergymen in the county and all Public School Teachers in the county will receive the paper gratuitously by sending their address to our office. No postage to subscribers within the County of Essex.

To ADVERTISERS it should prove a valuable medium. Our circulation extends to every part of Essex county, and considerably elsewhere.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND ADVERTISEMENTS will be received and forwarded by the Postmaster, who will be allowed to retain 50 cents as commissions on new subscribers, also at our office in Bloomfield, or may be addressed by mail to:

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7 PER CENT. PER ANNUM FREE OF
ALL TAXES

was declared on all deposits entitled
thereto on the first of May, payable on
after May 18th.

Interest not drawn will be credited as
principal from May 1st. Deposits made on
or before May 2d, will draw interest from
May 1st.

This Institution will remove on or about
April 25th to its new Banking room, num-
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cheap. The best seven dollar Carriage in the city.

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Valises, Brides, Gages, Bird Seed, etc., very

cheap. The best seven dollar Carriage in the city.

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HATS, CAPS AND STRAW GOODS.

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BROADWAY DRESS SILK HAT,

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tion.

Across the Sands.
IN TWO CHAPTERS—CHAPTER I.

"It won't rain; and if it does, it will not hurt me," said Margaret, as she had just time left to "like the three miles, and I must not let my pupils fancy that their music-masters has forgotten them."

The speaker was a girl of twenty-one, or possibly a year older, with bright dark eyes, hair of a glossy brown, and a rich complexion. She had a pleasant smile, and a thoughtful, and at times sad, in the expression of the handsome face. There she stood, before the little chimney-glass in the one sitting-room of a tiny cottage, adjusting her simple hat upon the well-shaped head, that became it so well, while on the table near her lay a dark rain-coat. It was a lowering day in the late summer; the wind blew in quick, uncertain gusts, and the dull, leaden surface of the sea, here and there, with snow-white belts of foam; and the clouds drifted heavily by, on their way inland. The air was oppressively warm; and the hum of the bees, as they stirred among the blossoms of the flowering creepers that hung across the open window, seemed longer and more sultry, than usual, such was the stillness that prevailed.

"I never see you set off, dear, to your daily drudgery in that weary Stourchester," said Aline impetuously, as she moved uneasily on the couch whereon she lay, propped with pillows, "without reproaching myself that you must walk so far and work so hard, and all for useless, tiresome me! I am a burden and a hindrance to you, dear Margaret, and nothing else. It would be well if I were out of the world in which I have been only a sorrow and a trouble to those that loved me."

There was something pitiful in the contrast between the health and beauty of the elder sister, and the frail form and wan, wasted face of the younger, as she lay among her pillows. Aline's long fair hair had the delicate transparency of her cheek, pale as marble, made up all her claims to good looks. She was barely eighteen; but her thin hands and face, and the attitude in which the slender form was stretched upon the sofa, told their own tale of spinal curvature, that had made her a helpless invalid from childhood, and of the heart's health, the generally accompaniment of physical affliction. Margaret came quietly round to the sofa, folded the wasted form tenderly in her arms, and kissed the pallid cheek as lovingly as if the sufferer had been a child indeed.

"Never a sorrow to me, darling," she said; "never a trouble to me. You little know, Aline, how often the remembrance of the dear patient face waiting at home for my return, has kept my courage and my spirit from giving way altogether. It is good, believe me, to have some one to care for in this world besides one's self. And, after all, we have much now for which to be thankful. We have found friends here, in this strange place, and I could have more pupils to instruct if only had the time to give more lessons. We earn enough, how much you may protest—these people proud, or at least some of them are—and all to spend your hard-earned sovereigns on idle, useless Aline—a peach here, a bag of hot-house grapes there; new books and new prints from London; flowers in my bed-room, and a new cage for my stupid old canary—while you grudge yourself a dress or a pair of boots, dear Margaret, and it you know you do. And then, Frank Darrell!"

"The less you say of poor Frank, the better," returned Margaret hastily, as her color faded, and the bright light in her honest eyes grew dim. "We have forgotten him, or he may be—We have not heard of him for much more than a year," she added, turning away her face toward the window.

"My fault, from first to last," cried Aline, in the old impetuous way. "But for me, you would have been his wife; but for me, you would have married him—I know you would—when he pressed you so hard, just before he sailed on that last voyage. But papa's health was failing, and we were so soon to be thrown on the world, and you did not care to remember your husband with a helpless, peevish, miser like Aline Gray, and so—Margaret, you are brave; but do you think I do not know how much you have grieved for his loss, whether he be dead, or only dead to you?"

There was something beautiful in the patient affection with which Margaret soothed and fondled this poor restless sufferer into quietude, frame or mind, not arguing with her, but contenting herself with dropping a word here and there, that fell like oil upon the waters. Those who had taken the trouble—they were few indeed—to study Aline's disposition, could see in her the elements of a noble nature, somewhat warped by the strange and painful conditions of her life. To superficial observers she had never seemed other than a spoiled child, with a mind as crooked as her body, and more ready to resent an injury, real or supposed, than to acknowledge kindness. And yet it was Aline's deep sense of the gratitude she owed to her sister that prompted her to patience and almost revolt against the circumstances of her life.

The Stourchester people, and more particularly the few neighbors who dwelt in

the out-lying hamlet of Wood End, three miles from the town, where Aline and her sister lived, truly declared that Margaret was as a mother to the young invalid. To Margaret herself this appeared the most natural matter-of-course thing in the world. From her own mother, on her death-bed, she had received the charge of her sister, and she had given it into strong hands than mine. And indeed, it was so, for Mrs. Gray's well-meaning selfishness of purpose, was ill-fitted to cope with the storms of life. The vicar, himself a dreamy and impractical man of letters, had survived his wife but a year, and when he died, and the girl, who had no near relative able and willing to give them shelter and protection, were left alone, it had devolved upon Margaret to provide for both. She had answered to the call nobly. She was an excellent musician, and to her real talent and practical skill she added the power of making children love her, and learn all the more quickly because they wished to please her. It had not been without trouble, however, that she had fought her way into the position of the best considered and most sought for music mistress in the town near which she had settled. There were those who declared Miss Gray "too pretty for a governess," and others who could not readily forgive her the quiet, shylike manner, the dignity of which implied the presence of a superior. But she had made her way at length; and by hard work was enabled to keep up the little cottage at Wood End (she lived at Wood End partly for economy. Stourchester rents being high, and partly because Aline, who loved flowers and trees, seemed to prosper when cooped up in a town, and to provide for her sickly mother the many luxuries to which from infancy she had been accustomed. Uncomplaining and cheerful, she went brightly and busily through each day's routine of duty; and only Aline's watchful eyes detected that the young sailor, Frank Darrell, was un-
"But if you must go, Margaret," said Aline at last, "I wish you were going to take some other way than that across those dreadful sands. I have a horror of those sands ever since, one day when you were away. I coaxed old Nanny into telling me some of those stories of shipwrecks and smugglers, and people overtake the tide, that she is in the habit of telling me. There was one, in particular, of a girl, a bride, who went across to meet her bridegroom, and never was seen more, until her body was washed ashore, they say, at Wren Point, fifty miles along the coast. I wish you would go by Battle Bridge."

"But consider, Aline, dear," said Margaret, gently, "the inland road by the bridge is over five miles at the least; whereas by the Stour and the sands—ah! don't shake your head, and look at me as I implore you—the road is barely three. Six miles of regular walking is enough, after pounding on so many pianos, and going through so many difficult exercises, and I always dislike the days when the river is too full to allow me to cross by the stepping-stones, and I am compelled to toll round by the bridge. And as for the tide!—and here she picked up a local almanac that lay on the table, and consulted it with an air of mock gravity—"why, I have become as learned in its ebbing and flowing as any ancient mariner on the jetty yonder." It leaves me plenty of time to tide to cross and recross safely. So now, Aline, I must kiss you again, and be off, for I will never do to keep Mrs. Thrummett waiting."

"Mrs. Montague Thrummett—and her daughters waiting!"

So she spoke, and soon afterward, with a rapid step, was wending her solitary way across the sands.

Stourchester, one of those anomalous English towns that belong, as it were, to two incongruous epochs, stands on a rising ground, overlooking the Stour, the tall chimneys of its cotton-mills, standing side by side with the grand, gray towers of the old church. There are a few quaint mansions too, built of mouldering stone, that is golden with lichen and discolored by exposure to the weather; and queer old gardens, in which the monks and nuns raised their salads, and pruned their peach-trees long ago; and fragments of the crumbling tower walls, once the seat of a noble villa and brand new terraces. For Stourchester, with its manufactures, is a thriving place; and Margaret had chosen wisely in selecting it as the spot where she, the bread-winner of that modest, thrifty household at Wood End, could most easily earn her own livelihood and that of her ailing sister.

It was fortunate for the ancient town of Stourchester that it had, in its old age, formed that alliance with novel forms of manufacturing industry, which were evidenced by the black smoke that floated lazily away inland, for its former source of prosperity had long since ceased to be available. The place had been a seaport once, but that was in early days; and even two centuries before, the harbor had been gradually silted up, and the prosperity of the town on the decline. The very river had deserted its traditional channel, and now ran at a considerable distance from the walls, that it was said, in warm-weather chronicles, to lave; and indeed the Stour, shrunken and dwindled as to its volume, since sundry gales, and aqueducts had levied toll upon its headwaters, trickles now feebly through the midst of shoals and sandbanks, to the sea. The estuary of the river, however, is still as broad as of old, presenting a fine broad expanse of smooth sand, that gleams silver-bright when first the sea rolls back from the river mouth, and that presently lies yellow and firm and dry, affording the readiest road by which to come from Wood End and the adjoining villages to Stourchester.

The sands have an ill name along the coast, partly due, no doubt, to the popular tales for the horrible and mysterious, and partly to genuine anecdotes of local malignancy. That lives had been lost there again and again, was but too true. The passage between Stourchester and the coast villages could be effected, in fair weather and with common precautions, with perfect safety. But it was otherwise when the tide was unusually high, or when a

strong gale from the seaward forced the salt flood into the narrowing mouth of the Stour, for on these occasions the danger of being belated on the sands was great indeed. There were legends, authentic enough, of a mad race for life and death between some well-mounted horsemen and the swift advance of the tide, with other and sadder histories of children or of wanderers unacquainted with the district, who had lost their way upon the twilight expanse of the sands, and so perished. There was talk, too, of a shifting quicksand, and the terror of the coast, that at flood-tides and irregular intervals appeared to claim its victims from among the heedless passengers. Nanny, the old woman who was Margaret and Aline's domestic factotum, was gossamerous concerning these perils; but Miss Gray, who was naturally courageous, merely laughed at them. "Nobody, so far as I can tell," she used to say, in answer to Nanny's bodily expostulations, "has ever been lost on the sands yet, except through some extraordinary carelessness or rashness." Dependent upon it, Nanny, that I shall keep much too cautious an eye upon the nautical almanac to furnish you with materials for another story. When the tide comes in, as it is an awkward hour, I must go round by Battle Bridge, and that is all; but when the water is out, I greatly prefer the stepping-stones."